Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. Thats the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

Hot. Fortie let it bee.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue mee money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewel. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe mee none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had ben askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as liefe heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſt mee none but ſuch Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, C
Gentlemen of Companies, ſlaues as ra
painted Cloth where the Gluttons D
ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, b
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Bro
and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of
peace, times more diſhonourable ragge
cient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the
bought out their ſeruices, that you w
hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals,
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes
on the way, and told me I had vnload
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath
Ile not march thorow *Couentry* with th
the villains march wide betweene thel
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, a
Napkins tackt together, and throwne
a Heralds coate without ſleeues; and th
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albanes*, o
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le
euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag,
in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmer*
thought your honour had already bin a

Weſt. Fayth, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then
and you too; but my powers are there
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt awa

Fal. Tut, neuer feare: tell me, I am as v
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indee
ready made thee butter: but tell mee, *I*
theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull r

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7